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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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Editorials.

VICTORIA AND HER STUDENTS.

That a University of good standing in an enlightened, free country, should excommunicate students who have the moral back-bone to criticise her work and methods, seems too absurd a proposition to entertain. The world of common sense, however, gets a surprise once in a while. When the authorities of Victoria arrived at the fearful truth, that the editors of *Acta Victoriana* had minds of their own, they solemnly decreed to cast them out.

We pass no opinion whatever upon the merits of the criticism which our contemporary published, and

which raised the ire of the professors : we are not in a position to judge the case ; that makes no difference. Take the very worst view of the case, for *Acta Victoriana* : suppose the editors were wrong entirely, and should have praised what they condemned. In that case they made, what their professors, doubtless, have made a score of times before them, a mistake in judgment. The article was written in a moderate and dignified tone, and did no discredit to either its author or the University. But some college professors wish to set themselves up on a pedestal, and do the high and mighty to such an alarming extent that even a much more vigorous criticism than that indulged in by our contemporary, is sometimes necessary. The ordinary, healthy student, rightly resents this superiority made oppressive ; and when patiently submitted to, it is a sure evidence that "the breed of students has deteriorated." We are not living in Russia ; students have a perfect right to discuss their college, and her courses and professors, if they do so in a gentlemanly, candid and fair manner.

We would suggest that Victoria send down some of her professors to McGill, in order that they may get a few lessons in—How to Profit by Criticism. For years the GAZETTE has said just about what McGill students thought and wanted in college matters. McGill is strong enough to bear criticism, weak enough to need some, and not stupid enough to try to choke it off.

THE LAW LECTURES.

Civil Procedure is the only one of the courses of these lectures which we have not discussed. It is a branch of legal study to which the student of law is compelled, under the regulations of the Quebec Bar, to give a large part of his time and attention in the office of his patron.

One could wish that the law student's apprenticeship meant more than it really does. In the majority of cases, it never enters the mind of the patron that he has any responsibility as regards the proficiency of his articled clerk. What would our lawyers think of the following, taken from an excellent little work, entitled *Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors*, by Warren :—"If you should obtain an articled clerk at "an early period of your career, pray bear in mind "that you thereby incur a grave responsibility. You

"are charged with the duty of teaching him his profession; and you must not shrink from the task. If you have not sufficient business in your office to occupy his attention fully, you should seek to compensate for the deficiency by oral instruction: by personally directing his studies, and, from time to time, ascertaining his progress. Remember the examination which he must undergo on quitting you, and for which you are bound to prepare him, that he may pass it with credit to both himself and you."

This advice was given to Attorneys and Solicitors in England: here in Canada the profession is called learned by courtesy; in reality it is one of the trades, and our lawyers are trades-people: they advertise and cater for public and popular notice: they rush business just like the dry-goods men and the grocer and the shoe-maker. In England they may have time to study law, but that is much too slow a life for your average Canadian lawyer: his articled clerk gets little advice and much copying. What the average student learns in a law office, is owing entirely to his own intelligence, and not in the slightest degree to the attention of his patron.

This being the state of affairs, what we want to point out is the necessity that the lectures in Civil Procedure should do what the offices fail to do. We are very glad to be able to say that the course in McGill very fairly meets the requirements of the case. An improvement could be made by having the students draw up documents involving points of procedure, and have these discussed as part of the class work. There is, perhaps, also a want of systematic arrangement of the work; but the lecturer is the most approachable to students of any in the school, conducts his work in such a way as will make it of practical value, takes infinite trouble in explaining difficulties, and is, as one would expect, probably the most popular man in the faculty among the students.

Poetry.

INTIMACY.

I.

Love, each knows other to the very heart's core,
Reads thoughts in eyes before the tongue can voice them,
Knows, as a singer knows his studied part's score,
The feelings' range, what grieves and doth rejoice them.

II.

Between us naught is new. Thou dost but find me
An empty shell that hath but one song ever;
Thou of a favorite poem dost remind me,
Whose pages well I know, and need turn never.

III.

This is the woe of life, to reach the limit
Of the soul's kingdom in the heart that rules us—
The breath that shows the mirror glass doth dim it;
'Tis what we wish, not what we have, that schools us.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER IX.

"No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug! they strain! down, down they go!"

—Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

In the days when the incidents of this story were taking place, the country was a much rougher place than it now is, for civilization had not then spread its web of iron over the face of nature, and thrown off, with the sparks of the engine, the scintillations of culture and refinement that are now toning down the aboriginal instincts of the once secluded agriculturist. The fist was a ready and accepted argument in those days, and the great man of the country side was he who had just thrashed the champion.

A gala-day at Prankville, like fair-day in Ireland, brought out the lasses, and in their train the lads: not singing swains, as portrayed in the modern opera, but hard-handed, dull-witted, cruel-hearted men, of inflammable passions, and worshippers of the god Alcohol in all his guises.

The main street of the little village had all day long been lively with the thronging country folk, and until night closed down the occasional fights that took place were not marked with that utter brutality that stamps the drinker of fusel oil. At night the scene changed. More particularly was it changed at the "Eagle's Nest," where Bolton, Jim, and a number of their cronies were congregated, and already in a fury. The champion had been thrashed that day by a back-country man, and plans were being laid to secure his defeat in turn before he could carry his glory from the place. The best men of the place (if the adjective can be properly applied to pugilists) were there, and runners had been sent out to try to coax the victor to the tavern, where, if one man was not enough, a dozen were eager to fall upon him and beat him into submission.

The news soon spread, and an eager crowd gathered about the tavern door in expectation of the fight. The new champion—a burly blacksmith, named McCoy—had been advised by his friends of the trouble being prepared for him; but his native courage was doubly excited by liquor, and he swore he would not leave the village until he felt like it, though every man in it was after him.

Peter, who knew the vengeful feelings of his old companions, tried, in vain, to persuade McCoy to go home quietly. The man was obdurate, and when, at last, with diplomatic boldness, a man told him that his betters were waiting for him at the "Eagle's

Nest," he swore roundly, and went somewhat unsteadily in that direction.

"Come, boys," said Peter, "we must try to get him fair play."

The three set off after the smith, and accompanied him to the "Eagle's Nest." Had Peter stopped to think, he would have realized that by thus accompanying the new champion he became an object of suspicion and dislike to the villagers, who, one and all, desired the defeat of the outsider. There was a murmur as the four approached the tavern, and the crowd made way for them, muttering.

The stuffy bar-room was filled with men drinking, smoking, and talking, but perfect silence fell upon all when the burly smith entered. It was not the silence of fear by any means: it was more like the silence of the crouched tiger.

Without taking notice of anyone in the room, McCoy advanced to the bar and ordered some liquor. Then he tightened his belt, threw off his coat, and opened his woollen shirt at the neck, to give himself ease, he said, lightly, and strolling to the benches, sat down.

When Peter came in, Bolton had made a motion as though to spring at him, but Jim restrained him. The two now sat together whispering.

Peter, who still carried in his pocket the letter he had found at Bow Lake, looked at Bolton thoughtfully. He was prepared for a fight with his once-to-be brother-in-law, and yet he felt nervous, and hoped it would not take place in that crowded room, full of Bolton's friends.

There was a whispered consultation among several of the burliest, and black looks were cast at McCoy, whose dark eyes were also alert. In a few moments he rose and, again approaching the bar, ordered more liquor. As he did so, four or five men ranged themselves alongside him, and each demanded his favorite drink of the bar-keeper.

McCoy looked them over, and said slowly—"I'm not paying for these men."

"Oh! yes, you are!" said one of them, insolently.

"No!" said McCoy, sternly, "I wouldn't pay a cent to fill one of you fellows if you were dying."

Everybody sprang to their feet and closed round him. Quick as a flash of light he threw himself against the wall, and, fists squared, awaited the attack.

It was delayed by Peter. He had been trying to persuade his companions to leave the room, for he knew by experience what a terrible scene was about to take place, and he feared for their less sturdy forms.

Charley only laughed. "I am a boxer," he said, "and am not afraid to defend myself."

"My dear boy," insisted Peter, "it's not boxing; it's strength that will be needed here. Once you fall it's all over with you. For heaven's sake go. You and Harry will do more good if you go and bring Mr. Forbes here than if you stay to be slaughtered."

It needs courage sometimes to run away from danger. Harry had this courage, and it was with no coward's heart that he undertook to get the school-master, and left his friends behind.

He had just left when the demonstration against McCoy began, and Peter staved it off by advancing to the centre of the room and saying—

"Are you cowards! you men of Prankville! that a dozen of you attack a single man?"

"Cowards!" roared Bolton, springing from Jim's restraining arms. "Is it you who talk of cowards? a man who lied about his sweetheart, and then deserted her!"

Peter turned pale, and Charley looked anxiously at him.

"You to dare talk of cowardice!" continued Bolton, the veins of his neck and forehead standing out like purple cords under the flesh. "You come here and back McCoy against your own people, and then cry cowards at us! By heaven! I swore I'd kill you once, and when I've done with your betters I'll attend to you. Look at him! that's the man who denies his own sweetheart, and treads on everybody to get away from the life he was brought up to!"

The color came back to Peter's cheeks, and he replied—

"You lie, you scoundrel and forger!"

Bolton staggered back at the words.

"You think you can cow me!" continued Peter. "Before you try it again, be sure your private distillery does not contain proofs of your crimes! I have Hal Tilton's letter to you here"—tapping his breast—"and I think it will be sufficient to secure you a place in the county jail for the rest of your natural life."

With a scream of rage Bolton threw himself upon Peter, and a terrible struggle began.

Peter tore himself from Bolton's grasp and sprang to the wall, where, side-by-side with Charley and McCoy, he met the combined attack of the infuriated men.

One after another these powerful fellows went down under the blows of the trio, but they fell only to rise again and renew the attack. There was no fair play. Kicks were as freely given as blows with the fist. The house trembled with the thud of feet, and the cries of the attackers thrilled the spectators through and through. The three were separated, and Charley found himself practically ignored, and compelled to stand by, dealing blows whenever practicable into the crowd that was clustering around Peter and McCoy. Down and up, up and down, panting, cursing, and bleeding, the men fought on, while the two heroes threw them off their gigantic shoulders as easily as a dog rids itself of water after a swim.

Peter was finally dragged down, but down though he was, he fought on. He could not strike a blow, indeed, but the unfortunate man who had fallen upon him was, with the whole load of his companions, raised by Peter's right arm free of his body, and then with that same arm drawn suddenly downward against Peter's clenched left hand. It is a waste of words to say he was limp and senseless ere many blows were given.

Still the fight went on. McCoy was dragged down also, but such was the greatness of his strength, that when he willed he rose erect, in spite of the clustering bodies. If reinforcements had not come in from

the outer circle every once in a while, there is little doubt that the trio would have overcome their antagonists.

But there was no thought of letting them win. A shout arose, and Charley thought he recognized the voice again—

"Out with the lights! Out with the lights! By heaven, they'll never leave the room alive!"

The onlookers shuddered, but none of them dared enter the room to assist the seemingly doomed men. The door was slammed in their faces, and a smashing of glass told them that the lamps had been overturned, and the hunters and their quarry were at it *in the dark*.

Though unable longer to see the struggle, the crowd outside could form a pretty fair idea of how it was going on. Someone was forced against the door, which shook and sprang with the force of the blow. The fight was evidently very near, if not immediately at, this door.

At this moment the outer circle of the crowd was parted, and Mr. Forbes and Lizzie rushed towards the tavern door.

"What is this?" cried Mr. Forbes. "Is it possible you can stand here while murder is being done? Cowards that you are! Come, I will shame you! Open the door and let me go in!"

The throng was cowed, and drew aside sullenly to let him pass.

"Stay you here," he said to Lizzie, who had followed him. "This is a man's work."

He shook the door violently, but to no purpose. It was bolted within. Drawing back a few paces he hurled himself against it, when it yielded, and swung back into the dark room in which the combat was raging.

"Lights here!" he shouted to the throng behind, and dashing into the room, he wormed himself among the fighters, appealing and roundly censuring. No other man, perhaps, could have done this without being attacked; certainly none other could have done so and been successful.

The combatants parted slowly, and when lights were brought in a horrible scene presented itself—one which can, perhaps, be imagined, but of which a detailed description is unnecessary, and would be repulsive. Several men lay on the floor perfectly senseless, among them McCoy, who had borne the animus of the attack; Peter leaned, gasping, against the wall, blood streaming from many a cut, and among his assailants not one had escaped severe injury.

Mr. Forbes stood looking around him in silence, and a look of intense sadness overspread his face. They waited for him to speak, which at last he did.

"Oh! men, men!" he said, "is this all you can show me after the many years I have spent among you—a cowardly attack of a dozen upon two defenceless men in the dark? Why should I remain here longer when this is all I have taught you? There is your handiwork," he continued, pointing at the insensible men, one or two of whom were coming to, "the least you can do now is to help them home."

At this juncture Lizzie, who had stood as though dazed, screamed and threw herself by the prostrate

figure of Bolton, who was one of the unfortunates who had received the greatest injury. At her scream Mr. Forbes turned and knelt down also by the wounded man, who was slowly coming to.

"Are you badly hurt, Bolton?" he asked.

Bolton pressed his hand to his head.

"Your head, is it?" enquired Mr. Forbes.

"Yes," said Bolton, "my head a cut help me up."

Lizzie bent over him to raise him, when he screamed and fainted.

Mr. Forbes turned pale. "There is something serious here," he said. "Get a stretcher some of you," addressing the spectators, "and some water."

He looked up at Peter and, from the expression on his face, was evidently struggling with counter-wishes. Then he addressed Peter—

"You are doctor enough for this case. Will you look at him?"

Peter staggered forward and knelt by the side of the injured man. After a few moments' investigation he rose.

"Well?" said Mr. Forbes.

Peter shook his head.

"What!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, springing to his feet.

"His back," said Peter, in a low voice.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Forbes, "and *you* stand there uninjured!"

The stretcher was brought in just then, and Bolton was placed gently upon it before consciousness returned. The other injured men had been revived and taken home in the meantime. Just as the bearers were about to lift Bolton, Peter approached Lizzie, who drew back from him. He walked with difficulty and was severely bruised, his very appearance appealing on his behalf.

"Lizzie," he said, gently, "don't shrink from me. I have done you much wrong, and do not ask your love again; but don't think worse of me than you can help. I am sorry that Bolton is badly hurt, but surely, surely, you will acknowledge that, whoever dealt him the blow, it was not I who began the fight."

Lizzie made no reply, but Mr. Forbes did.

"Peter Simson," he said, sternly, "you have been the curse of this family until it has come to this. You know why Bolton attacked you, and you know that you are as guilty of his wound as if you would have been had you struck him from behind."

Peter stood still, his face pale and his lips compressed. The bearers lifted up their burden and passed out before him. He made a step as though to follow, and then turning round, hid his face in his hands and burst into tears.

A few moments after Bolton had been carried out Harry burst into the room, breathless and excited. He looked around him at the wreck, in amazement, and then turning to Peter, said—

"Thank goodness, old boy, you're not killed. I hurried all I could, but did not find Forbes, as you call him."

Peter did not reply.

"Harry," called Charley from a bench where he was reclining, "don't bother Peter just now. Come

here, I've a bit of an operation for you to perform. The brutes broke my arm in one of their rushes."

Harry at once went to Charley's assistance, and improvising a pair of splints from a shingle, set the arm, which was, indeed, broken. Charley bore the operation manfully, and even assisted a little in tying on the handkerchiefs that were made to do duty as bandages; but it must be confessed he was more "spunky" than useful.

"Are you coming home, Peter?" asked Harry.

Peter turned and joined them, but did not speak. He did not appear even to notice Charley's arm, for if he had he surely would have spoken of it. As they went out the burly, much-battered, but still unconquered, smith met them, and insisted upon shaking hands with his two late comrades.

"We was nearly done for, lads, but they didn't quite do it, they didn't quite do it!" he said; "and they'd never 'a' nearly done it if it wasn't for putting the lights out. Will ye have a drink afore ye go—if there's any liquor left unspilt?"

The offer was declined, and McCoy bade them good-bye, saying he was going home to lie abed a day or two, for he was "main sore."

The boys continued on their way, and tumbled, or rather crawled, into bed at about two o'clock in the morning.

Charley did a good deal of thinking that night as he lay, feverish and wakeful, with his broken arm. He was thinking of Peter. His admiration for his friend had increased since the ordeal they had gone through; but the last scene of the fight, when Lizzie bent over the prostrate body of her dying brother, and Mr. Forbes delivered his denunciatory words against Peter, remained at the dregs of that memorable evening. Even Peter's evident anguish could not sweep away the influence of his moral cowardice regarding Lizzie, whom Charley had recognized as the girl Peter had professed not to know at the Hartley's.

Next morning he made known his resolve to go home. Peter was still sorrow-stricken, and Charley could not find it in his heart to declare his changed feelings, and left Prankville outwardly the same, but inwardly resolved to cut short his intimacy with so selfish a fellow as Peter had shown himself to be. On his return he sought his sister Alice, and had a long conversation with her, the subject being Edith, for Charley was no fool, and had observed the growing intimacy between "Dusk" and Peter. He left his sister's room with a cloud upon his brow, and sought solace with his sweetheart Bertha, who met her wounded warrior with the "I told you so" formula, for in going off with Peter, he had transgressed, in her opinion. It was not long before she got the whole story out him, and for the first time she comprehended Lizzie's heroism in the interview which took place on the memorable evening of the dinner party. Bertha was not the girl to do anything by halves, and that same day sent a letter of apology to Lizzie, that was like a ray of sunlight on the very dark path she was now treading.

The path was indeed dark! The shock of Bolton's injury had almost prostrated his father, and had struck the knell of his life. He tottered feebly about

the house, peering now and again into the sick room, but never entering.

Bolton lingered for some time, nursed assiduously by Lizzie and her mother, and attended by Mr. Forbes, who in a quiet, unoffending way, tried to prepare him for the impending change. It is hard to straighten a gnarled oak, and the change in Bolton was very slight. But there was a change, and as long as religion was not forced down his throat with his medicine, he did not sneer at it.

He lingered for many days, growing weaker and weaker and more shrunken, until his comrades would have failed to recognise him. He seldom asked about any one, until one evening, when his talk turned constantly to his father. Even then there was no expressed desire to see him. But memories of toys made by old Mr. Tilton for Bolton's pleasure, of walks in the bush and of labors in the grain and hay fields, flowed from his tongue. The watchers thought then that the end was near. Death catches his prey by the feet, and, mounting into the brain, dulls the lower animal faculties, while the intellectual and spiritual still burn brightly and clearly at the top; and this was the case with the once brutal Bolton.

It was near the morning, when, with a groan of unrest, Bolton called to Lizzie, who was dozing on a lounge near by. She approached him, and asked what was wanted.

"I want to see father," he replied. "Send him to me, alone."

Trembling, and yet joyfully, Lizzie went to do her brother's bidding. It was with difficulty that she could make her father understand what was wanted of him, but once he comprehended he rose, and, clinging to his pipe, went towards his son's room. He entered, and Lizzie gently drew the door to, leaving father and son together.

Mr. Tilton approached the bedside almost reluctantly, and seated himself in a chair that stood conveniently near.

Bolton was evidently distressed, and stretched out his hand towards his father, who took it and pressed it. The touch seemed to soothe Bolton, and he began to speak.

"Father," he said, "I've been a bad son to you."

"A little wild, lad; a little wild, but I forgive ye. 'Twas the blood and not the heart."

"Can you forgive me, without knowing all the wrong I've done you?" asked Bolton eagerly.

"Ay, lad, why not? You're my own flesh and blood."

"Perhaps it's because you don't know what I've done, that you forgive me," said Bolton sadly.

"Then don't tell me, lad; don't tell me."

"But I must tell you," Bolton broke forth. "I cannot die with that on my shoulders. Let me take your hand, father; I've something to tell you that may make you deny me that afterwards."

The old man stretched out his hand, and laid it in Bolton's. In broken language the son began his tale, of which all can guess the burden. Mr. Tilton leaned forward, eagerly listening. When Bolton said "it was not Uncle Hal who forged your name, father," he started up.

"Thank God, for that," he said, "I could not think it was in the Tilton blood to do that!"

Bolton uttered a moan, and made no attempt to regain the hand that had been withdrawn from him. His father began pacing the room, almost with his old elasticity of step. Then his walk got slower and hesitating. Once more he approached the death bed of his son, and stood looking down upon the drawn face that was half turned from him.

"Who was it?" he said, at last; "Tell me, that I may curse him."

Bolton made no reply. His father bent lower over him, with, for the first time, a face set and drawn. His dulled intelligence was awakening, and a deadly fear had him by the heart.

"Was.....it.....you?" he said.

Slowly Bolton turned his head to meet his father's eyes. There was a look of utter hopelessness in his glance, that made words needless. His father started back, and turned as though to leave the room. Then all the pent up feeling of the son broke bounds.

"Father!" he cried "don't let me die with your curse upon me! I meant it for your good. I thought we would be rich, and I have saved money ever since to make it up. You will find it all at Bow Lake, buried there. Father! father! don't let me die like this!"

Mr. Tilton turned and met the pleading gaze of his son, and as the April sunlight melts the snows of winter, the burning look of the dying man melted away the hardness of the father's heart.

He returned to the bedside, and sitting beside his son, gave him the forgiveness he craved. But the scene had been too much for the enfeebled vitality of both, and when, alarmed at the length of the interview, the watchers opened the door they found father and son folded in each other's arms—dead.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

II.

Where are our Chiefs of old; where are our heroes of mighty name?

The fields of their battles are silent, scarce their mossy tombs remain!

—Ossian.

Fearlessness and success in battle were the highest titles to honour, and an accusation of cowardice was a deadly insult. A reproach of this kind to a celebrated chief received a chivalric reply. White Eyes, as he was generally called, at the time his nation was solicited to join in the war against the Americans, in their struggle for liberty, exerted his influence against hostile measures. His answer to the Senecas, who were in the British interest, and who, irritated by his obstinate adherence to peace, attempted to humble him, by reference to an old story of the Delawares being a conquered people, is a manly and dignified assertion of independence. It reminds one of the noble motto of the Frenchman, "*Je n'estime un autre plus grand que moi lorsque j'ai mon épée.*" "I know well," said he, "that you consider us a conquered nation,—as women,—as your inferiors. You have, say you, shortened our legs and put petticoats on us. You say you have given us a hoe and a corn-pounder, and told us to

plant and pound for you,—you men—you warriors. But look at me, am I not full grown? And have I not a warrior's dress? Ay! *I am a man*—and these are the arms of a man—and all that country is mine!" What a dauntless vindication of manhood, and what a nice perception of Indian character, is this appeal to their love of courage, and their admiration for a fine form, vigorous limbs, complete arms, and a proud demeanour! How effective and emphatic the conclusion, 'all that country is mine!' exclaimed in a tone of mingled defiance and pride, and accompanied with a wave of the hand over the rich country bordering on the Alleghany.

This bold speech quelled for a time all opposition, but the desire to engage against the Americans, increased by false reports, finally became so vehement, that, as a last resort, he proposed to the tribe to wait ten days before commencing hostilities. Even this was about to be denied, and the term traitor beginning to be whispered around, when he rose in council, and began an animated expostulation against their conduct. He depicted its inevitable consequences—the sure advance of the white man, and the ruin of his nation; and then, in a generous manner, disclaimed any interest or feelings separate from those of his friends, and added: "But if you *will* go to war, you shall not go *without me*. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction. But if you think me in the wrong,—if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends—to a man,—to a warrior,—to a Delaware—if you insist upon fighting the Americans,—Go! *And I will go with you*. And I will not go like the bear hunter, who sets his dogs upon the animal, to be beaten about by his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No! I will lead you on. I will place myself in the front. I will fall with the first of you. You can do as you please. But as for *me*, I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserved a better fate!"

The allusion to their greater confidence in foreigners than in their own kindred, is a fine specimen of censure, wonderfully strengthened by a beautiful climactic arrangement. Commencing with a friend—and who so grateful as an Indian?—it passes to a man—and who so vain of his birthright as an Indian?—then to a warrior—and who more glorious to the savage than the man of battles?—and lastly to a Delaware—a word which rings through the hearts of his hearers: starts into life a host of proud associations, and while it deepens their contempt for the stranger and his falsehoods, imparts a grandeur to the orator, in whom the friend, the man, the warrior, the Delaware are personified.

The spirit of the conclusion added to its force. It was the outbursting of that firm determination never to forsake their customs and laws—that brotherhood of feeling which has ever inspired the action of the aborigines—a spirit which time has strengthened, insult has hardened to obstinacy, and oppression rendered almost hereditary. It bespeaks a bold soul, resolved to die with the loss of its country's liberties.

Of much the same character, is a reply to General

Clinch, by Osceola, the chief who for so long a period set the U.S. troops at defiance in Florida: "You have arms, and so have we; you have powder and lead, and so have we;—your men will fight, and so will ours, *till the last drop of the Seminole's blood has moistened the dust of his hunting ground.* This needs no comment. Intrepidity was their character.

Turn to Red Jacket's graphic description of the fraud which purloined their territory, and shame mingles with our pity. "Brothers, at the treaties held for the purchase of our lands, the white men with *sweet voices and smiling faces*, told us they loved us, and they would not cheat us, but that the King's children on the other side of the lake would cheat us. When we go on the other side of the lake, the King's children tell us your people will cheat us. These things puzzle our heads, and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves, and not trust either in your people or in the King's children. Brothers, our seats were once large, and yours very small; you have now become a great people, and we have *scarcely a place left to spread our blankets.* True, and soon their graves will be all they will retain of their once ample hunting-grounds. Their strength is wasted, their countless warriors dead, their forests laid low, and their burial-places upturned by the plough-share.

Some of the speeches of *Shenandoah*, a celebrated Oneida chief, contain the truest touches of natural eloquence. He lived to a great age, and in his last oration in council, he opened with the following beautiful sentence:—"Brothers,—*I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top.*" Every one who has seen a tall hemlock, with a dry and leafless top, surrounding its green foliage, will feel the force of the simile—I am dead at the top. His memory, and all the vigorous powers of youth, had departed for ever.

Not less felicitous was the close of a speech made by *Pushmataha*, a venerable chief of a western tribe, at a council held at Washington, many years since. In alluding to his extreme age, and to the probability that he might not even survive the journey back to his tribe, he said:—"My children will walk through the forests, and the great spirit will whistle in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trails—but Pushmataha will hear not—he will see the flowers no more. He will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears, *as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.*"

The most powerful tribes have been destroyed; and as Sadekawatie expressed it—"Strike at the root, and when the trunk shall be cut down, the branches shall fall of course." The trunk has fallen, the branches are slowly withering, and shortly, the question "*Who is there to mourn for Logan now?*" may be made of the whole race, and find not a sympathizing reply.

Their actions may outlive, but their oratory we think must survive their fate. It contains many attributes of true eloquence. With a language too barren, and minds too free for the rules of rhetoric, they still attained a power of touching the feelings, and a sublimity of style which rival the highest productions

of their more cultivated enemies. Expression apt and pointed—language strong and figurative—comparisons rich and bold—descriptions correct and picturesque—and gesture energetic and graceful, were the most striking peculiarities of their oratory. These features, the accurate mirrors of their character, their bravery, immovable stoicism, and a native grandeur, heightened as they are in expressiveness by the melancholy accompaniment of approaching extermination, will be as enduring as the swan-like music of Attic and Roman eloquence, which was the funeral song of the liberties of those republics. Q.

CHARACTER.

"Tu recte vivis, si curas esse quod audis."

Every man is responsible for what his personality is; for its formation is due to the course of action which his own will dictates. A man's life, then, so far as moral action is concerned, can be, and is, that which his will orders it to be. Character is the quality which stamps the individual as trustworthy, as honourable, as possessed of integrity, and as conspicuously dispossessed of any predominating tendency to petty, degrading actions. A man of this description is generally designated as "a man of character." On the contrary, where the place of these good qualities is filled to overflowing with faults and shortcomings—not unfrequently due to the actual desire of the agent for their indulgence—such an one is universally branded as "a man of no character." And justly. He has no bank to cash the checks, which he has forged, of assumed external uprightness, or, it may be, of flagrant misconduct, which he seeks to palliate.

It has been said that the world is grossly immoral. This may be; but its ideas of what constitutes morality are not so blunted as that it fails to judge a man by a comparatively high standard. A "bad" man is despised with the utmost contempt, and a "good" man may often be carped at, but the world, nevertheless, unmistakably prefers the morality of the latter to that of the former. It is a question of character; for morality is character.

Strength of character depends on the possession of powerful emotions, and on the capability of keeping these under control. If either of these is wanting, the point under consideration is lost. We see this in daily life—cases where one of these qualifications has been unfulfilled, and which, had it been developed, would have produced a magnificent specimen of humanity, in place of the despicable miscreant who has been dwarfed by disregard for principle.

The Delphian inscription, "Know thyself," embraces in its signification much more than is generally supposed. A man will often know more about his fellow-citizens and their faults than he does about himself. Now, a person who has formed no definite ideas about his self-hood, about his character, need only, to discover it, examine the tendency which he has to pleasure—the kind of pleasure in which he finds the greatest enjoyment. If it is found in the

dead-alive morality which theatre-going is so often wont to produce; if it is found in the deplorable avidity for satisfying some pet weakness; if it is found in the complete absorption of self in pursuits of vanity, vapidness, and affectation; then the individual who seeks these may at once conclude that his character is sadly in need of reform. If, on the other hand, it is found in the innocent pursuit of literature, of art, of nature, of the pleasant and genial friendship which a cultured society affords, of a self-sacrificing, philanthropic generosity; then he, whose tastes and desires lie in this direction, may continue to pursue these to the advancement and continual elevation of his character. It may be said that no man's character is such as it *might* be under the same circumstances. This is true enough; but then it does not exclude us from making a fair statement with regard to the condition of things as we find them. The question of degree in the actions of men, as judged by themselves, admits this.

True character is best seen in the case of small duties. These, if faithfully and honourably performed, will manifest as much dignity and nobility as ever evoked by the most heroic exploits. The world is an enthusiastic admirer of such characters. Conscience imposes its commands in these matters of trifling importance, and it has been well said that "it is from the inborn dictates of conscience, and the inspired principle of duty that the finest growths of character have arisen.

Reliability is one of the concomitant essentials of character. The trustworthiness of a person's action, and the confidence we put in him, is meant by this.

In the building up of character, special regard must be had to the materials employed, and to the foundation on which it is laid. As to the foundation, this would lead, strictly speaking, to the discussion of a bit of theology; but with respect to the materials, we need not go so far. The thoughts of the mind; the secret wishes of the heart; the habits contracted; the inner life, as also the outward conduct; these are the materials out of which rises the dome of a noble life, or the hovel of an ill-fashioned and degraded conduct.

March 14th, 1888.

J. L. D.

BOOK-MAKING.

The late Anthony Trollope reduced the art of book-making to a system as complete as that of book-keeping.

While discharging with unflagging zeal and exceptional ability the duties of a responsible position in the civil service, he yet was able to turn out upon the reading public the finished creations of his brain with clock-work regularity.

To those of us who hold that genius is an inspiration; that we cannot bottle up and serve out, dose by dose, the *divine afflatus*; that Pegasus is not a dray horse, nor Parnassus a Nile, the difficult ascent of which may be overcome by means of a modern elevator—this man's experience will appear astonishing, anomalous.

His contemporaries could not follow it. Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, notably Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle,

all found it impossible, and Tennyson, whenever, in his character of Poet Laureate, he has attempted it, has signally failed.

Every writer, or, at all events, every professional writer has, we may assume, his particular plan of work; but, how many, we may ask, could or would tie themselves down to a cast-iron rule like the following:

"When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages which I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied.

"According to the circumstances of the time, whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed, I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about 40. It has been placed as low as 20, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 215 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went.

"In the bargains I have made with publishers, I have—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word.

"I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially on completing it within the proposed time, and I have always done so."

Authors, young and old, make a note of this. For ourselves, we do not believe it possible to carry it out strictly in every case.

There are diversities of operation, and in spite of the scorn which our stalwart Mentor tells us he has "hardly been able to repress," in spite of his assertion that to him "It would be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow chandler for the divine moment of melting," to begin and complete his work, we cannot quite hold with him. Nevertheless, we commend what he says here, and in our concluding extract, as worthy of consideration, and, possibly, of imitation: "I therefore venture to advise young men, who look forward to authorship as the business of their lives, even when they propose that that authorship shall be of the highest class known, to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens; and to seat themselves at their desks, day by day, as though they were lawyer's clerks; and so let them sit until the allotted task shall be accomplished."

EROL GERVAISE.

At Wellesley two lessons a week in the Bible are required throughout the course. And Yale and Amherst have this year put the Bible on the list of electives.—*Ex.*

A BATCH OF DEFINITIONS.

BOOK.—The raft on which an undying genius floats down the stream of Time.

COAT.—A letter of credit, written with a needle upon broad-cloth.

COMPETITION.—The rod by which boyish Humanity has been scourged into improvement.

CYNIC.—A man who cannot enjoy the puppet show because he *will* look for the wires.

DEATH.—The birth of the soul.

EXPERIENCE.—Clothes for every change of weather.

FAITH.—A strong arm to work for us in health and youth; a firm shoulder to lean upon in sickness and age.

GUN.—An invention for arguing by chemistry.

HISTORY.—The tombstone of the Past.

IMAGINATION.—The mental prism.

INK.—A liquid manure, which, spread upon paper, makes it fertile in consequences.

JOKE.—A dew-drop on the leaves of Imagination.

LANGUAGE.—The Brain's livery-servant.

MIRROR.—The material on which all the most admired portraits are painted.

MONEY.—The largest slave-holder in the world.

MUSIC.—The winds caught and tamed.

POETRY.—Thought in blossom.

SHELLEY.—A missionary who was tortured by the savages.

SUPERSTITION.—The High-priest of the Temple of Ignorance.

TRUTH.—The Pillar of Fire which leads on Man to the Promised Land.

WAR.—Congregational worship of the Devil.

WOMAN.—The melody of the human duet.

McGill News.

THE JANITOR'S COLLECTION.

The affair of the presentation to Cook, with the annual donation, was this year decidedly above the average in *esprit* and pleasantry, if not in bullion. To see the G. O. M. poised on the highest pedestal the room afforded, grasping in his trembling hand the reply address which, later on, caused the Inferior Maxilla of the most sage freshman to droop forgetfully, wrapt in the eloquence. Assuredly his complacent demeanour and lofty bearing nailed the lie "that he were a descendant of a scullion, hence the name." But it only intensified the certainty as to his lineage being from Cook, of Arctic fame, or "Cook's Friend," or some other Cook. After C. P. Bisset ably delivered the students' address, and the fatted purse which the

primary years cheerfully fattened, (though coin was wrung from some), then, as the avalanche which has become detached from the parent heap away up the mountain, plunges on its downward trip, so plunged the G. O. M. into his reply.

A silence stiller than an examination hall crept upon the boys, while he articulated the word "Gentlemen." From that out all was chaos, plagiarisms, contempt for "h's," "avoidance of punctuation," "murdering of the king's English," etc., were lost in a noise that rivalled the "rolling piano," or "Salvation Army." The acute listener in the front seat could hear him but reiterate the word "gentlemen," on ushering in each paragraph, then all was blank, and the G. O. M. struggled on to a finish, closing amid such applause as men have lived lives to receive. Owing to the recipient's arm being still impaired, he was reluctantly exempted from the refreshing operation of being bounced.

A story is going the rounds among the students, "that not many years back, Cook received for his annual gift, twenty-seven dollars worth of coppers in a pillow case." May the old man's wishes for the boys be fulfilled, and he himself, for years to come, be found at his post of College Janitor, superintending the freshmen and the elevator.

ADDRESS.

*Most sapient and potent regulator of the tribes of Æsculapius!
Nucleus of the Faculty of Medicine! Orb about which
Deans, Professors and other satellites perform their diurnal
revolutions!*

It is with feelings of awe and respect, that we, the Primary years in Medicine, once more assemble to pay tribute to you, O typical specimen of protoplasmic activity, and to beseech your powerful aid at this time when "Sorrow is multiplied unto us."

Dark were the prospects for this faculty when the micro-organisms of disease attacked your mortal constitution; when your mighty frame was laid low, and medical science on this Continent almost threatened with extinction by what might have been a terrible and irreparable calamity. In those days were seen the dire effects of incoördination. The feet of sinners trod in sanctuaries from which you were wont to exclude even the saints. Anatomy flourished but feebly, and even the temple of physiology was shaken to its very foundations.

We refer with feelings of pleasure and gratitude to the collection that now graces the "bone" room, and are quite willing to attribute it to your incomparable ingenuity and desire to smooth the rugged paths to anatomical fame, rather than a direct result of Prof. Shephard's European trip. However, as a little learning is said to be a dangerous thing, we would remind you of the necessity of informing Freshmen that they (the preparatories) are not real but made of plaster.

Your majesty is no doubt aware of the evil designs at one time entertained by that all-important contingent, styled from the chair of physiology, "Gentlemen of the First Year." This, with many other acts of insubordination, indicates the effect of an unbridled freedom acquired when the strong hand that had so often steered the ship of state through the troubled seas of adversity, was succeeded by a weaker regency. However, we desire to express our complete confidence in your ability to subdue these turbulent spirits, and once more to range them on the side of a heretofore unquestioned authority.

In conclusion, allow us to congratulate you on your re-assumption of dictatorial power—present our best respects to the lady who shares your throne, and accept the best wishes, and this, a more tangible evidence of the esteem in which you are held by the Primary years of '88 and '89.

C. P. BISSETT,

McGill, March 30th, 1888.

For Class '90.

COOK'S REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—Again it falls to my lot to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the generous expression of goodwill made by you, the members of the Primary years, to me, Jas. Cook, janitor of McGill Medical School.

Gentlemen: Need I tell you that I am proud to be your janitor—everyone in this great institution goes to make up one grand and glorious whole. What would McGill be without her students? What would McGill be without her professors? And, pardon me if once again I question what would McGill be without her janitor?

The immortal somebody has said—

“All the world's a stage,”

And each one plays his part from the janitor downward.

This school, gentlemen, has given birth to an Osler—to a Rod-dick—to a Howard—to a Shephard—to a Stewart—and to a Mills—and are there not many standing before me to-day who will walk in their footsteps and be burning and shining lights in the profession—a credit to this, your Alma Mater, and an honour to me, your janitor.

Gentlemen, I can sympathize with you—I know you have hard lines—I know how your landlady grumbles about the midnight oil. You may depend on me making the road as smooth as possible for you. The old chestnut still holds true—“there's no royal road to learning.”

This winter, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I have been unable to give you that attention which the important office of janitor of this institution demands—but as long as I have strength and health—you can rely on old Cook every time.

Gentlemen, I must congratulate you on the profession which you have chosen—which, next to being janitor of this school, is one of the grandest and noblest there is. When you become proud possessors of a McGill M.D., fame and fortune waits within the boundless limits of our fair Canada.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.”

In conclusion, gentlemen, it remains for me, your humble janitor, to wish you all success at the approaching ordeal.

“When the leaves begin to turn
And the summer days are gone,”

I shall hope to see you all back once more to drink from the fount of knowledge and to cause these halls to resound with the jolly songs of old McGill.

“And when into the world you're gone
Prescribing base and pill,
May you never forget the happy days
You spent at old McGill.”

AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time there was a student at McGill, who had many talents.

He found favor in the eyes of women, could play the piano, violin, banjo, guitar and flute, and sing a comic song like the end man in the angelic choir.

He knew of every bar, music-hall, theater and dive in the city, and was noted by all who knew him to be the prince of rounders and the best of fellows.

After his examinations, he stood on the threshold of the Molson Hall, and remarked that examinations were no test of a man's ability.

When the lists were posted, he read them from the bottom upwards, but saw not his name.

Then he buttoned his coat up to his neck, and strode down the campus, while the wind wailed through his whiskers.

THE MENTOR.

THE BELLS.

In the North Flat hear the bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of mischief now their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they ring out their delight:
Rousing student with their din
Rousing student pale and thin
out of bed.

In a clamorous defiance of their fast increasing ire,
In a mad expostulation with their hot and wrathful ire.

Sounding higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to play or never,
A trick on the North Flat men,
Oh! the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their ringing tells
of baffled rage!

How they clang, and clash, and roar:
What defiance they outpour
On the yells and the threats of student sage.

Hear the louder tower bells.—

What a racket with the Faculty their monody foretells!

Night before Examination!
How they start with irritation!
At the bold and daring menace of their tone:
While every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Mocks the groan
And the students,—ah! the students—
They who acted with such prudence
They are flown:

But who elsewhere, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the theologs a stone.

Presbyterian College,

67 MacTavish St.,

Montreal, Que.

MACK.

Societies.

THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The closing meeting for the session took place on Thursday, March 22nd, and the attendance was remarkably good. The proceedings opened with interesting essays on “Miss Herschel” and “George Eliot,” by Misses Mattice and Robinson, respectively. The next item was an extempore debate upon the topic: “Are separate classes preferable to mixed?” Miss McLea led on the affirmative, supported by Misses Smith and Richardson, while the speakers on the negative were Misses Reid, Wilson, and I. Botterell. The secretary then announced the result of the prize essay competition, and the hearts of the graduating class rejoiced, when they heard that Miss McFee, President of the 4th year, was the successful competitor. At the close of the meeting Miss Ritchie, the retiring President, made a few appropriate remarks, wishing the Society every success in the future. A vote of thanks to the retiring officers brought to its close a pleasant gathering, which, however, to some was tinged with sadness, for as undergraduates, they had answered their last “present” to the Delta Sigma roll-call.

LATEST FROM WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—It is said that if the Legislature at Washington takes any step towards curtailing the monopolies which are cropping up all over the States, the great sugar “combine” may become a *crushed sugar* trust, and the trust-ees may *loaf* for a while.

TO HER LOVER.

I.

Sweet is your worship, dearest, to my heart.
I love to know you mine, both soul and body,
And hate the world that gladly would us part,
Luring your love with flaunting joys and gaudy.

II.

But do I lift you nearer unto God,
My love, who say so tenderly you love me?
Am I your highest aim—a pretty clod—
Or does your spirit rise, through mine, above me?

III.

For love is never love if its wings tire
Short of the glorious throne of the Eternal—
Are you content, love, or do you aspire
From arm-zoned joys of earth to bliss supernal?

IV.

Is pity quickened; is your soul at strife
With wrong, and grown enamored of perfection?
What new thoughts, hopes, sensations fill your life?—
Thus would I try the gold of your affection.

V.

My life! my love! in life be mine alone;
To none but me on earth your love be given—
But if your soul doth love me, sweet my own,
Let my soul be a help of yours to heaven.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Between the Lectures.

Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

Every wedding ring that is worn is said to represent a man's impertinence and a woman's folly.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.

Not every one is happy who dances, says the proverb. The man who has just stepped on a tack knows this full well.

Chorus of Massachusetts maidens—"The saddest words of tongue or pen—there's too many women and not enough men."

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young woman, but sometimes it is a very small one.

Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a seventy-five dollar dog out walking with a fifteen cent man.

"When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what we call a relapse."

First Lady—"Has your husband quit smoking yet?"
Second Lady (just returned from the far West)—
"Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months."

Don't try, if you are an ordinary man, to occupy two seats in a crowded horse car. Only women can do that and look as innocent as a lily-of-the-valley all the while.

The arrest of several men on a charge of embracery has demoralized the girls all over the country. They think it will make the young men too timid to do any hugging.

The reason that newly married men are called Benedicts is because they are supposed on their marriage to give up all bad bachelor habits to which they had "benedicted."

Percy Lovelace (a suitor)—"Do you think I can ever win Miss Fickle's love?" Cynical Friend (a former suitor)—"Never despair, my boy. What man has done man can do."

A Connecticut philanthropist has invented an illuminated keyhole that will enable men to go home at any hour of the night and be able to get in without rousing the neighborhood.

"You see," said meek old Deacon Edling, "when my wife wants a new shawl it's no use for me to object, 'specially when she looks at me, stamps her foot an' says, 'Deacon, I shawl have it!'"

Things one would rather have left unsaid: Lady of the house (archly)—"My husband's not at home, Mr. Goodenough. He's gone to call on some pretty women of his acquaintance." Caller—"Ah, I've given that up long ago!"

Bobby—"Ma, tell me what you do up there behind the minister in church every Sunday?" Ma—"I chant." Bobby (pouting)—"I don't think you're very polite. You never let me say 'I shan't' when I don't want to give anything away."

A cobbler in a country town, who, in addition to mending shoes, also professes to teach music, has the following sign over his door:

"Delightful task to mend the tender boot
And teach the young idea how to flute."

"What's that?" he asked his landlady as she placed his cup by his plate. "Coffee," was the prompt and decisive reply. "Ah," he innocently remarked, with an air of interest, "and what is it made of?" and there was silence around the table for the space of five minutes.

They were watching an enraptured love scene on the stage, when suddenly he bent forward and whispered in her shell-like ear. "When we are married, my own, we shall do like that, shan't we?" She blushed and hung her curly head, and in a soft, sweet voice replied, "Yes, Fred, but we must take care not to be interrupted like they are."

A WORD PICTURE.

I leaned far out my casement wide,
I looked abroad into the night,
I saw the river winding flow,
I heard the South wind sobbing low,
I saw the Lenten lilies blow,
The Lenten lilies tall and white.

A bare tree rose against the sky,
A wild bird winged its shadowy flight;
Its notes were hushed; but far away,
Beyond where meadows dreaming lay
And rose the mountains misty gray,
I heard the voices of the night

Singing a love song to the morn,
A welcome to the marriage feast.
Arise! the echoes rang, and lo—
I saw the day break in the East.

A. M. D. G.

A few days ago two men were in the Morse Building barber shop. One had red hair and the other was bald headed. Red Hair (to Bald Head)—“You were not about when they were giving out hair?” Bald Head—“Yes I was there, but they only had a little red hair left, and I wouldn't take it.”

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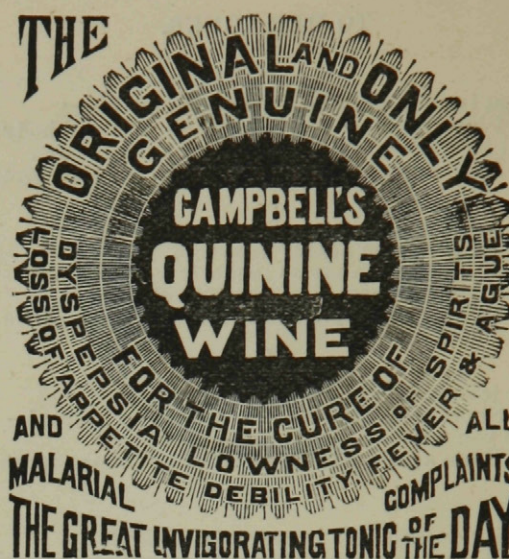
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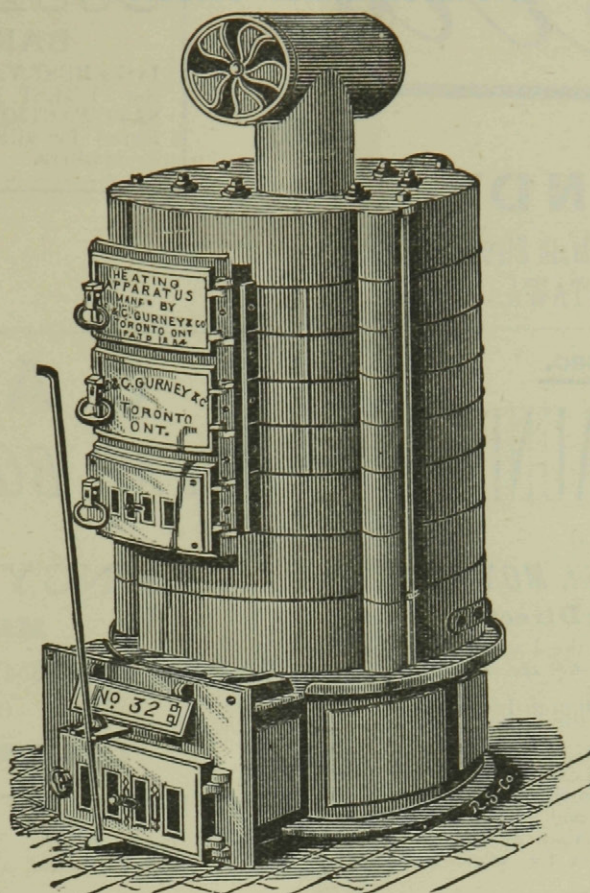
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